

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

Published on the first of every month by
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES."
Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

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sertion in the paper should be sent to William
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For the Gallaudet Guide,
AND TO THE HOPEST POOR.

BY J. J. FLOURNOY.

The Mosaic Law, that God did make,
Ordained the poor should glean the field,
And Boaz welcomed to his wake
The gentle Ruth to share his yield;
Nor muzzled was the ox that trod,
The lux'riant grain of the rich sod,—
Thus to poor, or man, or beast,
For whom God cared, there was a feast.

Lo, Lazarus laid, diseased and sore,
A starving beggar at the gate,
In vain desired from the rich store
Some falling crumbs! but receiv'd hate,
Or scorn, that noticed none the low,
The dirty and the trodden so!
But how with God did end the tale
Commenced here in this fearful vale?

Oh, ye that have something to spare
From God our Father, as we all have,
Allow a little to the want;
The pinch'd with want, that wistful crave,
Not like the proud man, turn the door
Up on the lone and grov'ling poor,
For God doth keep an account yet,
To open when all our sins have set.

Near Athens, Georgia, May, 1860.

GROWING OLD.—It seems but a sum-
mer since we looked forward with eager
hopes to the coming years. And now we
are looking sadly back. Not that the
dream has passed, but that it has been of
no more worth to those around us. As
the glowing hopes and ambitions of early
life pass away—as friend after friend de-
parts, and the stronger ties which hold
us here are broken—our life seems but
a bubble, glancing for a moment in light
and then broken, and not a ripple left on
the stream. Forty years once seemed a
long, weary pilgrimage to tread. It now
seems but a step. And yet along the
way are broken shrines where a thousand
hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-
prints sacred under their drifting of dust;
green mounds whose grass is fresh with
the watering of tears; shadows even,
which we would not forget. We will
gather the sunshine of those years, and
with chastened steps and hopes, push on
toward the evening whose signal lights
will soon be seen swinging where the
waters are still, and the storms never
beat.

Those who laugh at a lengthy Presidential
campaign, and see no benefit from it, forget
that it is at least two advantages; it teaches
men to think before they act, and it devel-
opes the oratorical ability of the Americans.

NEWS FROM JAPAN.

D. E. Bartlett, teacher of American
Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hart-
ford, communicates to the Hartford Cour-
rant the following extract from a letter
written by his brother-in-law, Rev. S.
R. Brown, formerly a teacher of New
York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
one of the missionaries residing at Ka-
nagawa: The letter is dated Kanagawa,
April 14, and is as follows:

"You will hear through the papers,
probably, of the late murders at Yoku-
hama. Two Dutch sea captains were
brutally butchered by some unknown
Japanese, in the most public street of
Yokuhama, just after dark on the 26th
of February last. It was a fearful piece
of butchery. They were quiet, inoffen-
sive men, just going out for a stroll in
the street previous to putting off to their
vessels. One of them was 60 years old,
and left a family consisting of a wife
and five children in Holland. Since that,
on the 26th of March, a murderous as-
sault was made on the Prince Regent,
as he was proceeding with his retinue
from his own to the Emperor's palace.
Several of the Prince's men were cut
down on the spot by an attacking party
of twenty-one men, and three of their
own number were killed likewise by the
Prince's followers. Shots were fired
into the Regent's retinue, and he was
wounded in two places, but not mortally.
In consequence of this affair, and of other
signs of a conspiracy on the part of
one of the Princes of the royal blood,
called the Prince of Mito, against the
present government, caused by the re-
cent changes in the foreign policy of the
country, the government has redoubled
its vigilance to put a stop to the assas-
sination of foreigners, as well as to pro-
tect itself against internal enemies.—
Last week I spent ten days at Yeddo, at
Mr. Harris's, by his invitation, going up
as his chaplain, and when I was there he
had a guard of twenty Yakuings, or
armed officers, at his house. Since the
attack on the Regent, his guard has been
doubled, as well as that at all the foreign
Legations. Besides this, we are honor-
ed here with a guard at every foreign
house except one.

The government has put up a guard
house at our front gate, and keeps five
Yakuings there night and day. When
we go out at any time we can have an
armed officer to accompany us if we
choose. A new official from Yeddo, with
his suite, has paid us a visit today to
see if our defences are all right."

SELF-HELP.—"Heaven helps those
who help themselves," is a well-worn
maxim, embodying in a small compass
the result of vast human experience.
The spirit of self help is the root of all
genuine growth in the individual; and
exhibited in the lives of man, it consti-
tutes the true source of natural vigor
and strength.

Help from without is often enfeebling
in its effects, but help from within in-
variably invigorates. Whatever is done
for men or classes, to a certain extent
takes away the stimulus and necessity of
doing for themselves; and where men
are subjected to over-guidance and over-
government, the inevitable tendency is to
render them comparatively helpless.

It is the tinsel and gilding of men that
has disguised the simplicity of faith.

When a true genius appears in the
world, you may know him by this sign,
that the dunces are all in confederacy
against him.

Those who reprove us are more valu-
able friends than those who flatter us.
True progress requires either faithful
friends or severe enemies.

How small a portion of our lives is
that we truly enjoy! In youth we are
looking forward for things that are to
come; in old age we look backwards to
things that are past.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF MUTES.

Anniversary Exercises of the Academy of Music.

The forty-first anniversary of the New
York Institution for the instruction of the
Deaf and Dumb was celebrated last eve-
ning at the Academy of Music, by a pub-
lic exhibition of the progress and abili-
ties of the pupils. As on former occa-
sions of this kind the almost interest and
concern were displayed by the generous
people of New York in a cause which so
directly appeals to the highest and no-
blest feeling of our humanity—a fact that
was pleasingly and evidently demon-
strated by the large assemblage of citi-
zens who crowded the spacious halls of
the Academy, from auditorium to gallery.
The hour fixed for the commencement of
the exercises was four o'clock, P. M.;
but for a full hour before, the lower divi-
sion of the building was crowded, while a
continual stream of visitors continued to
pour into the yet unfilled part of the house.
The proportion of ladies was very great
—being fully three to one over the male
visitors. The female pupils, clothed very
simply, and yet beautifully, in snow-white
gowns, sat on the right hand side of
the first tier of boxes. On their smiling
countenances were the expressions of
observers. The males, on the other side
of the same tier, were clad in plain gray
clothing, and to the eye of the casual ob-
server, appeared as happy and well con-
tented as they well could be.

The Rev. HARVEY P. PEET, L. L. D.,
opened the exercises of the evening by
announcing that the Rev. Dr. Burchard
would offer the introductory prayer.

At the conclusion of the prayer

Dr. PEET gave a succinct account of
the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb,
and the mode of instruction there pursu-
ed. There are now in the Institution 302
pupils, many of whom are very far ad-
vanced in their studies, and now on the
eve of being sent back to their homes;
while the large proportion belong to class-
es which are now actively engaged in the
ordinary course of tuition. When these
unfortunate children first enter the insti-
tution very great difficulty is experienced
in laying the foundation of their educa-
tion. They come in without any knowl-
edge whatever of written language, and
entirely unacquainted with the appella-
tions of animals or things, or even of
their own names.

The examinations began with four pu-
pils from the youngest class, who were
exercised in spelling words of one and
two syllables, and in constructing origi-
nal and simple sentences. Some of the
sentences were such unsophisticated spec-
imens of composition that they produced
immense laughter among the audience.
One little boy wrote,

A big boy takes a big apple and eats
it.

Another boy wrote,

I love a fine orange.

A little girl wrote,

A kind gentleman kisses a pretty girl.

Another one gave—

An old gentleman loves a pretty lady.

The last sentence perfectly convulsed
the house.

Five members of the high class were
then examined in the more advanced
branches of education and acquitted them-
selves so satisfactorily that the audience

could not refrain from loudly applauding
them, albeit they could not hear the
sounds of the friendly demonstration.—
Three or four salutatory addresses to the
audience were written impromptu by as
many young men and girls, so thoroughly
grammatical and so philosophically con-
cise that the best judges could find in
them nothing to condemn.

Several of the pupils were then made
to give exemplifications of the power of
sign language to convey ideas to persons
uninitiated in the science of hierology,
and so well did these 'children of silence'
perform their task that the stories of Jo-
seph and his brethren, Saul and David,
the Hebrew shepherd, and the Philistine
and others, familiar to Scripture readers,
were made almost as plain to the audi-
ence as if they had been spoken with the
living voice.

Mary Fanwood, Charity B. Vogels-
burgh, Abram S. Gardner and William
J. Jones were the representatives of the
juvenile class.

The high class was well and ably rep-
resented by Miss E. Ida Montgomery and
Sarah H. Eastman, of the feminine de-
partment; and J. H. Roche, David R.
Tillinghast and Willis Hubbard, of the
male branch.

Among the female pupils of the high
class, were some young girls of rare and
classical beauty. There shone forth from
their brilliant eyes the evidences of a la-
tent poetic fire, and of a vivacity of im-
agination not ordinarily encountered in
every day life among those who hear and
speak. The slightest movement is to them
a word, a nod, a sentence, and a gesticu-
lation, a whole paragraph. Such extraor-
dinary activity as they displayed in the
exchange of sign language, and the rap-
idity of their own comprehension of the
signs of other people, was as amazing as
perplexing to the spectator.

The progress of the institution on the
whole has been very satisfactory, as
shown by the last annual report. During
the year just closed, forty-eight pupils
have been admitted, and four former pu-
pils re-admitted, making the whole num-
ber under instruction within the year
1859, three hundred and fifty-seven. Of
these fifty-nine have returned to their
friends, leaving in the institution at the
close of the year two hundred and ninety-
eight pupils, whose names and residences
will appear from the accompanying cata-
logue. There is a small decrease in num-
bers from the previous year, owing to sev-
eral of the pupils having, from various
causes, failed to return after vacation.—
The income of the institution for the cal-
endar year, 1859, including appropri-
ations from the last Legislature, intended
to make good deficiencies in the appro-
priations of former years, amounted to
seventy thousand three hundred and nine-
ty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents,
and the disbursements, including the bal-
ance of three thousand five hundred and
sixty-eight dollars and fourteen cents due
the Treasurer on the settlement of last
year's account, have been seventy thou-
sand six hundred and sixteen dollars and
sixty-nine cents, leaving, on the first day
of January, 1860, a balance due the
Treasurer of two hundred and eighteen
dollars and ninety-four cents. Beyond
a visitation of measles, by which thirty or
forty of the pupils were taken down, the

general health of the institution has been
good during the past year. No death has
occurred in the family of more than three
hundred. Two pupils, a boy and a girl, who
went home last winter on account of ill
health, died among their kindred. It has
long since been observed that the same
defects of constitution that make children
liable to the early loss of hearing also
make them, at a later period, susceptible
to the attacks of pulmonary diseases.—
The discipline of the institution is mild
and paternal; corporeal punishment,
though still retained as a possible resort,
is reserved for those extreme cases which
very rarely occur, and the more rarely in
proportion to the strong moral influence
which teachers, such as the institution
possesses, and hopes ever to have, soon be-
come able to wield over even the most
wild and untutored of the deaf mutes.—
The members of the high class, *ex officio*
monitors among the other pupils, exercise
by their examples and counsels a most
salutary influence.

The exhibition yesterday afternoon
showed how well the teachers and the
reverend Superintendent of the school
have discharged their arduous and charit-
able duties. To speak to the heart and
the imagination of the deaf and dumb, on
whose ear the music of language and the
harmony of sweet sounds have never
broken, is a task the difficulty of which
may well astound us. But when we see
the wonderful progress which this inval-
uable institution has made, in giving a
tongue to the dumb and an ear to the deaf,
we may hold our peace in silent astonish-
ment. To Mr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the
Vice Principal of the institution, and to
the talented and wonderfully endowed
Mrs. Mary Toles Peet (herself a deaf
mute) much of the advancement of the
pupils is due.

The exercises last evening concluded
with a variety of recitations, among which
were Mrs. Peet's 'Day Dreams' and
Campbell's 'Mariners of England.'

A number of prominent gentlemen sat
on the platform, among whom we noticed
the Rev. Dr. Adams, who took great in-
terest in the blind children and their in-
tensely interesting exercises.—[New
York Herald, May 11.]

It has been the belief of some phi-
losophers; and poets as well, that man
has taken the hint for some of the arts he
now practices from the brute creation.—
Democritus represents him as having de-
rived the arts of weaving and sewing from
the spider, and the art of building of tem-
pered clay from the swallow; and we al-
so read in Pliny's 'Natural History,' that
the nest of a swallow suggested to Tox-
ius, the son of Cælus, the invention of
mortar. According to Lucretius, men
learned music from the song of birds, and
Pope describes them as learning from the
mole how to plow, nautilus to sail, and
from bees and ants to form a political
community. Perhaps we were behind
the beaver in felling timber, in leading
dams across rivers, and in building cabin
villages,—behind the wasp in making pa-
per, and behind the squirrel and spider
in crossing streams upon rafts. So, if
man needed any example of war and vi-
olence and wrong, he had only to go to
the ant-hill and see the red ants in-
vade the camps of the black and bear off
their little negro prisoners into slavery.—
[Atlantic Monthly.]

Vicious pursuits may yield a few scat-
tered pleasures; but piety and virtue will
make our whole life happy.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We would ask, as a personal favor, that our correspondents would, as far as they are able, send in their communications previous to the 18th of the month.

We have some interesting matter on hand which came too late for insertion in the present number.

NOTICE.

The Committee appointed by the Fifth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, to make arrangements of time and place for the next Convention, would give notice, that difficulties have arisen in the way of providing a suitable place for holding a Convention the present year, 1860, as was intended, and the Committee have judged it expedient that the Convention be deferred till another year. They confidently expect to make arrangements for a Sixth Convention, to be held in the summer of 1861, of which seasonable notice will be issued.

HARVEY P. PEET,
SAMUEL PORTER, } Committee.
EDWARD PEET,

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES.

NOTICE.

The next Convention of this Association will meet at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, September 12, 1860. Persons desiring to attend will confer a favor on the Committee of Arrangements by arriving in Hartford, on Tuesday, (11th) thereby enabling them to complete the arrangements for comfort and convenience without interfering with the business of Wednesday.

Persons attending will pay full fare to Hartford, and the Committee will be in possession of free return tickets on most of the Railroads, which will be distributed to those present without charge, subject, of course, to the condition that they return the same way as they came.

CHAS. A. BROWN, Belfast, Me. } Comm'tee
JOHN O. DAVID, Amherst, N. H. }
GALEN H. ATKINS, Bradford, Vt. }
HIRAM GRANT, Hartford, Ct. } Arrang'ts.
OSCAR KINSMAN, "

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,
South Reading, Mass., }
Chairman.

One of our correspondents, J. J. Flournoy, of Athens, Ga., in a late letter to us takes us to task for inserting such articles as the two in our last number, one on the legal responsibilities of deaf mutes, and the other, an article by the editor of the *Pittsburg Union*, on a deaf-mute compositor in his office. He says that the above two articles go to prove what he has long asserted to be the case, viz.:—that deaf mutes are as a class, 'abused' and 'down-trodden.' This we have always denied and always shall. We do not doubt that there are individual instances in which deaf mutes are not treated as they ought to be, but it is a libel on our hearing brethren at large to say that, as a general thing, we are deprived of our rights and considered worthless to society.

Mr F.—himself a deaf mute, or what is about the same thing, a semi-mute—seems, from his account of the matter, to have a hard time of it; but then, as he himself says, he lives among semi-barbarians, and such would not be apt to respect the rights of any one if it was for their own interest to do otherwise.

He says we gave a tacit approval to the justice of the sentence of Harris to the Lunatic Asylum. We did no such thing; the last paragraph of the article in question says that 'the right way to have treated Harris was to do with him as with any hearing man, to find under what provocation he labored, and to ascertain under what head the crime came, whether murder, manslaughter or justifiable homicide.' This we indorsed, by saying nothing against it, as well as by inserting it.

The question here arises, was Harris an educated mute? If he was, then the action of the jury seems to be unjustifiable. If not, the jury were probably reluctant to sentence him to execution, in view of the fact that he could not defend himself in court, while convinced of his guilt, and they therefore took a middle course and rendered a verdict of insanity.

We have no particulars of the trial, as we wish we had, and can, therefore, only draw an inference.

In Georgia, the law classes deaf mutes with lunatics, and appoints them guardians, considering them incapable of taking care of property for themselves; if it is so in North Carolina, where Harris was tried, the case is entirely different, and the jury, in rendering a verdict, were only acting out the spirit of the law.

In regard to the other article, Mr F. does not see the *joke* which is contained therein; it was sent to us by the compositor himself, and he evidently enjoys it hugely. We would ask Mr F. to read it again, and hope he will then see differently.

In justice to Mr F. we would say that he is a highly educated and well informed man, who, in spite of his infirmity, is a greater master of the pen than most of his brethren in misfortune; the only objection we have to him or his writings is that he is too much given to complaining and finding fault. We know that he wishes to do good to his brethren at large, but we think he has gone about it in a way which is calculated to injure, rather than to benefit them. For instance, he insists upon it that there is no hope for us unless we emigrate in a body to some territory which shall be handed over to us to govern ourselves, unmolested by the hearing, where we can so evince our mental capacity as to induce the choice of some of us to governmental preferment in the world at large. We are of opinion that neither the United States government nor Queen Victoria would hear of special legislation in behalf of such a case, and we do not see how the scheme could be favorably considered, as the Constitution of the U. S. now stands.

The Japanese, as we hear, are learning the mute alphabet during their stay in New York city; perhaps they may report to the Tycoon, on their return, in such a manner as to induce him, in case a petition were sent to him, to grant Mr F. one of the islands of his empire, on which to found a colony.

We think that politics, so far from being a desirable thing, is a necessary evil, of which the less we have the better.

Mr F. thinks that as long as we cannot take part in the management of the affairs of the country, and hold part of the fat offices which are open to our hearing brethren, we are worthless to society, and are so considered. Every one has his peculiar sphere, in which he may make himself a useful member of society, but there are always some who think that the affairs of the country are not as well managed as if they had a hand in administering them.

We have not the least objection to having any one do what he can to elevate himself into a higher position, and attempt to draw others up with him, but we would have him go about it in a manner calculated to do 'the greatest good to the greatest number.' The most extraordinary thing about Mr F., and one in which he is eminently inconsistent, is that while he wants us to emigrate to some place where the hearing shall have no jurisdiction, he does not propose to go himself, he says 'I must stay and do what I can for the improvement and benefit of the individuals around me, I must await the action of the North and South on the great question of slavery.' This means, to our mind, that the Israelites are to go forth into the wilderness and fare as they best can, while Moses stays behind among the flesh pots of Egypt.

LARGE MEETING OF DEAF MUTES IN BOSTON—SPEECH OF AMOS SMITH, JR.

A notice from the pulpit of the Deaf Mute Christian Union the Sunday previous, that Mr. Smith desired to say a few words to his friends on Wednesday eve. May 18th, drew together one of the

largest meetings ever held in Boston.—Chairs and settees had to be brought from the adjoining rooms to accommodate the crowd.

Geo. Homer, Esq., on assuming the chair said the speaker of the evening needed no words of introduction from him. He was a Boston boy all over—"bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh."

On taking the floor, Mr. Smith said that he was not going to leave Boston yet, as had been intimated. He loved Boston; was too closely identified with her to leave her even with much better prospects before him. It was mere guess that he was to locate away. Because the nature of his address this evening had not been made known, something must be guessed at.

He thanked the ladies for gracing the occasion in such large numbers, with their presence, many of whom he was happy to see often on an evening at his fireside, and who came here to see how he would talk to the audience, as at home to them he used his voice.

He then came to the main point of his address, and said he was to take his leave of public life for which nature had never fitted him. Few knew the extent of his business engagements, for a year past he could almost truly say that he had not been able to visit his wife! An extensive demand was made upon his time—his physical health was far from being perfect, and he would beg his friends to let him take one step towards a complete retirement. He had seen hard service the past ten years and now had no ambition for the future. There were worthy young men, who were *strong*, in our midst, and he would leave them, Holmes, Packard, Chase and others take his place.

He spoke in the highest terms of his co-laborers in various causes, Homer, Rowe and others. He remarked that he was sorry he had not the time or the strength to continue with them. On all important questions, he held the same opinions to-day that he held ten years ago when he started. He alluded in feeling tones to the death of Loring, Whitman and others within the period.

He remarked that if he had been told ten years ago that before 1860 should have come, he would have taken 3000 acknowledgements of deeds as a Justice of the Peace, or that he would have solemnized a marriage, or that he would have been put in nomination for the best office in the gift of the people of Suffolk, he should have scouted the idea.

His heart would ever be with the laudable efforts to establish a school for deaf mutes in Mass., but he should not again appear publicly in behalf of the measure.

"Mr. President," he said, "if everybody knew what you and I do, this whole matter would be easily settled." He had received as much of the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens as he had reason to expect. For their many kindnesses he could only thank them.

The President, Messrs. Marsh, Rowe, Packard, Holmes and others spoke highly of Mr. S.'s past services, of his entire uprightness, honesty and faithfulness. His withdrawal was generally regretted. He was persuaded, however, to hold on to the Presidency of the Christian Union, and it was agreed that Mr. Homer should be the acting President.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour.

'Spiridon,' the Paris correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*, in a late letter, has the following curious item.

We call the especial attention of our scientific friends to the following paragraph, which we condense in translating from the French papers: 'A Mlle. Cleret, a poor schoolmistress at Paris, asked the Minister of Public Instruction for pecuniary assistance (she was extremely poor), in August, 1855. She built her prayer upon several reasons, chief among which was the secret she possessed of curing the deaf and dumb,—at least of mak-

ing them hear. The Minister appointed Dr. Behier to examine the claim. The 25th August, 1856, Dr. Behier reported the instructress worthy of assistance, and requested the Minister to appoint a committee to study profoundly Mlle. Cleret's secret, or rather method, for—secret she had none. In October, 1856, the committee was appointed, and assiduously studied the operation or method until the poor woman, dizzied by being removed from the extremity of poverty, to comparative ease and fame, went mad. She is now in a mad-house. She discovered her cure by accident—the great god to whom we are indebted for all discoveries. She bought some thread one day, it was wrapped in a leaf of some geography which had been sold for waste paper. She read it and found that peasants in some country or another, are in the habit of exposing their ears to certain emanations when they are afflicted with deafness. She was deaf. She began to make experiments on herself. She was not guided in the selection of substances for agents by chymical knowledge, but by mere analogies of sounds and spelling. After having used the most noxious and painful substances, she hit upon the substance she used before her insanity, and after having cured herself, she applied it successfully to her pupils. Twenty-nine children, 'all incurably deaf and dumb,' were operated on by Mlle. Cleret, under the supervision of the committee; all obtained advantageous results from her treatment. After these facts were made public, three years ago, a great many persons, not only deaf and dumb, but deaf adults applied to Mlle. Cleret for relief. The committee supervised her treatment, a very notable improvement was discovered. The committee likewise engaged her to try the efficacy of her cure upon persons recovering from typhoid fever who suffered from the deafness—sometimes sequent to that disease; great advantages were likewise obtained in these cases. Unfortunately, in all the preceding cases the insanity of Mlle. Cleret interrupted the progress of the experiments which were progressing in the most satisfactory manner. The unhappy lady has been placed in a lunatic asylum at the expense of the government. She acquainted the committee with her remedy before her unfortunate visitation. They have published it. Here it is: 'Medical means employed by Mademoiselle Cleret—Sulphuric ether poured directly into the ear (*le conduit auditif externe*) in a dose of four, five, six, eight drops a day. Usually this produces only a little sensibility or pain. After this substance has been used fifteen or twenty days, the operator may suspend the use of it for several days to preserve its energy, and then resume the use of it. The application may be continued for a very long time, if not indefinitely.'

AMHERST, June 26, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert this letter in the Guide, which, I trust, will be conducive to the benefit of deaf mutes through the power of Christ. I have made an effort to give a correct description of my religious views and feelings.

When I left school, I went into the world in a spirited manner to obtain wealth regardless of the salvation of my soul. I was racked by anxieties and desires pertaining to this world. But when I arrived of age, I was awakened by the powerful spirit of the Lord, and was hopefully converted, having reason to praise God for his matchless mercy and grace. My conversion originated in the development of a glorious revival in this church in the spring of the year of 1835. It was very extensive, and many persons were happily converted, and it seemed to me that Amherst became a heavenly village. Christians urged upon me to seek Christ and I secretly resisted their faithful exhortations as I was benighted and engrossed with worldly pursuits in the extreme, however, I was soon inclined to set my affections on eternal

things. I endeavored to yield myself to the holy dominion of Christ, and had hopes and fears by turn. I was almost driven to despair of finding Christ; attended prayer meetings every evening. After two months I grieved strength and found Christ with inite happiness beyond all expectation. I felt it in every part of my body. Was so happy that I could not work or sleep for a time. I thought of Christ sweetly. The next morning I rose and bled, with increased delight, the sun appearing from behind magnificent clouds.

I took a short walk and contemplated the works of God with sublime felicity and Christ appeared to me in a cloud which I kept in view all day. I repented of my past sins in the highest degree, and contrasted my awful sinfulness with the beautiful righteousness of Christ so much that I burst into a flood of tears, but I gave praise to God for his wonderful goodness to me.

I shook hands with Christians with rapturous feelings, and tried to speak to sinners, but they hid their faces and retired, to my deep grief. I was so much filled with the spirit of Christ, that I was enabled to see the darkness and despair manifested in the eyes of a very impenitent man who constantly resisted the spirit of the Lord, although he was surrounded by praying and crying Christians. I approached him, but he no sooner saw me than he turned his despairing eyes from me. I was shocked at his wickedness and felt for him in agony.

The next day Christ disappeared from me; and I had doubts and fears, but I still took hold on Him and obtained comfortable understanding. I contemplated Christ and eternity every day growing in grace and knowledge. I enjoyed such communion during a year.

I was anxious to become a teacher in order to win poor souls to Christ, so I made an application to the American Asylum, in which I succeeded two years after. I held the post three years, enjoying excellent opportunities to contribute to the cause of Christ. But I was compelled to leave the Asylum, to my sorrow, because I was not allowed to live married there. I worked at my old trade again, carrying on the business for myself to support my family. I succeeded in obtaining much patronage. I was tormented with worldly cares, and was in a backsliding condition till I was warned by the early departure of my adopted sister from this world and again laid hold on eternal life.

I preached Christ to between fifteen and twenty deaf mutes assembled in Nashua every Sabbath for over one year. It proved a delightful employment to me. I lectured in Boston and other places, desiring to see all deaf mutes engrossed with heavenly contemplation. I saw the usefulness of Christ's service.

At that time I had four children and loved them and prayed for their salvation. My oldest daughter was sick for five months and died last September, and the youngest was snatched from us in the course of the next three months.—She died last December.

I entertained fears for the safety of my eldest daughter's soul, and with a weeping heart prayed for her salvation in agony. I succeeded in leading her to the throne of grace. I felt confident of her belief in Christ. I was unspeakably rejoiced to witness her die happy in Christ. It seemed to crush my grief in a wonderful manner. It produced a sublime impression on my mind. My heart was overwhelmed with gratitude and praise to the Lord, for his admirable wisdom and goodness in taking my beloved daughter from this miserable world.

I am abundantly comforted in thinking that she is happy and safe with Jesus eternally. I can say the gospel of Christ is full of glorious news and promises which will never fail. I hold them in high estimation, condemning the deceitful and perishing nature of the pleasures of this world. Christ is my chief delight and I must cling to him always.

J. D. D.

For the Gallaudet Guide.
THE TATTLER.

LETTER V.

EDITOR:—From politics,—and particularly the recent Presidential Contests, so fraught with instructive lessons in their courses of strife,—the Tattler's mind, now in a philosophical mood, turns to rocks and live imbedded therein for ages, *sans danger et sans boire*.

To ruminate on the different formations of rocks, earth and vegetations, and on organic remains imbedded in them, is a sort of a delicious brown study, in which he sometimes indulges; and to tattle about them, especially to our readers, would be a task quite agreeable to him, for Geology is a love science, scarcely less captivating than Madame Palette's smile of gratitude for the luxury of his Dutch rocking-chair resigned to her use.

With your gracious permission the Editor will undertake this pleasant task in the columns of the "Guide,"—he being himself that its readers will find that his essays are quite refreshing these hot days.

Among the noblest sciences Geology stands conspicuously. Hand in hand with her inseparable twin sister Chemistry, the wonderful analyzer of substances, shows us how the Earth was created, how rocks were formed,—how the wisdom and power of the Divine Creator were exercised in disarranging the stony strata, without causing the least confusion in his grand design of Creation. It discloses to our wondering eyes the siliceous remains of gigantic as well as minute animal and vegetable creations, long preserved in the depths of slate and lime stones. In a word, her aim is to show, so positively as not to be contradicted, the existence of created substances of the Earth as indicating the presence of the Divine Creator and His omnipotency.

Certain geologists have endeavored to deny His being, by arguing that the elementary substances of the Earth, which they assert never were created, have from ages to ages undergone systematic changes and assumptions of new natures; and they all are self-existent. A ridiculously fallacious notion that!

But others, believers in God, while acknowledging the progressive changes of the elementary substances, assert that they were created, and are constantly subject to His will and pleasure. This argument is logical, for without His mysterious power no irrational substances can ever move even an inch or perform any functions whatever. That such large masses of inert matter as the planets, support themselves in space, revolve on their axes and wend their way, at the rate of many thousands of miles an hour, in their orbits around the sun, without the constant superintendence of a Divine Being, is as preposterous as it is incompatible with the laws of nature. As well might one assert that a locomotive engine could move along the iron road without the guiding hands of its engineer, and with that perpetual steam and fire. A perpetual machine, if successfully made, may work for years without any tangible agency; but it must be remembered that it is made with human hands, and, unless repeatedly repaired, it must be expected to come to a dead stop for the reason of its wear and tear. It is hardly worth while to explain here the curious theory, known by the name of the Lamarckian (Development) Hypothesis, advocated with singular zeal and ingenuity by Lamarck, Maillet, Oken and the unknown author of the "Vestiges of Creation," since the late Hugh Miller has most signally refuted it; and, in allusion to the theory of the author of the "Vestiges," he observes:—"His hypothesis, unless supported by scientific evidence, is a mere dream,—a fiction as baseless and wild as any of the 'Fairy Tales' or the 'Arabian Nights.'"

In order to satisfy some of your readers who may not be familiar with Geology, the Tattler will, with due humility, explain the principal elementary substances and their propensity to combine and disunite.

The chief elements are Nitrogen, Oxygen, Hydrogen and Carbon, which, according to the demonstrations by Chemistry, were probably the first creations. Nitrogen and Oxygen make air, and Hydrogen and Oxygen make water. Our chemists can do the latter with the help of Electricity. The secondary elements, more generally known as distinct substances, of which about sixty have been discovered, were created expressly for making by combination, with either of the chief elements—Oxygen always—millions of objects in the planet where we all dwell. Thus, as it will be perceived, stones, trees, &c., were not created, but produced by the combinations of particular substances. Oxygen is everywhere co-existent; Carbon exists in more or less quantity in all vegetations. Coal was produced by the disintegration and recombination with other substances yet to be ascertained, of vegetable substances in highly carboniferous plants, as demonstrated by the fossil flora of coal-beds; and by the petrification of the whole matter, probably by internal heat. Coal was not a creation, but its elementary ingredients were creations. The same is true of all other rocks, which were once soft earth, and became petrified by some certain agency. It is absurd to suppose that they dried in a natural manner to stony hardness, for without intense heat the Tattler does not see how clay or any other alluvial matter can be rendered stony. Kneaded bricks become stone by being baked in the kiln.

Chemistry proves that animal matter consists of elementary substances, generally found in stone and vegetations. Thus, in a philosophical sense, animals, &c., made of the same substances which produced trees, &c., were not creations; but their circulation of blood, respiration and locomotion were created; and with these creations the faculties of reason and speech were created in Adam. By virtue of these important creations, we—man, beasts, birds, &c.—are properly considered as creatures.

The vast wisdom, omnipotency and economy of the Almighty in creating elementary substances, so few in number—yet so productive, by combination, of countless matters, cannot fail to elevate Christian souls, and lead them to worship and praise him. As to the time of the Universal Creation all christian geologists and philosophers argue, with ingenious deductions from the natures and stratiform positions of the different rocks, that the Earth, fishes and reptiles were made hundreds of thousands of years ago, instead of six thousand years ago, as insisted on by theologists, relying solely on the Mosaic record. And the former also maintain that birds and animals sprung into existence many ages after the reptiles had begun their life.

Upon this point the Tattler confesses he was long of the opinion thus expressed by the geologists, because it appeared to be in perfect concordance with the fossiliferous character of the Old Silurian Rock and Old Red Sand Stone, in which were nowhere found any fossil remains of the mammalia (vertebrated animals with warm, red blood,—as man, beasts, birds, &c.) But in the very midst of his confidence in the geologists' superior knowledge and profound researches, he not long since staggered with the blow inflicted on his head by the account of a curious discovery, made by Dr. Buckland at Lymes Regis. He (Dr. B.) examined some oblong pebbles, found under or among the ribs of huge Saurian reptiles (now extinct,) and found, on analysis, them to be the dung of said reptiles in a fossil state. They

contained scales, teeth and bones of fishes.

Mr. Editor, we see the Saurians were carnivorous, and therefore did *kill* and eat poor, frightened fishes. Those curious pebbles positively declare they did.

Well, should this number of the "Guide" fall into the hands of any *savants* who are to meet at the Scientific Convention at Newport, and this modest essay arrest their notice, the Tattler would offer them an observation that might require serious consideration. He needs elucidation on this point.

Before Adam's fall all on Earth was peace and love. The lion reposed side by side with the hare; the tiger played lovingly with the antelope; above them, upon a tree, the eagle dozed side by side with the turtle-dove, while the little fishes brushed past the mouth of the Ichthyosaurus, which eyed them with a heart throbbing with affection for his fellow-creatures. Unstained by sin, the gentle Eve never felt pain—never knew sorrow—never heard a cry of fright and pain among the creatures. Around her all moved in absolutely perfect harmony and friendship.

But after Adam's fall, Nature changed her aspect; the lion, the tiger, the Eagle and the Ichthyosaurus became animals of prey,—thirsting after the blood of the very victims which were once their friends.

Now here the questions arise:—Were the fishes, whose scales and bones were found under the ribs of the fossil reptiles, imbedded in rocks, devoured before or after Adam's fall? If after Adam's fall, which is generally believed to have taken place six thousand years ago, how was the sandy mud, in which reptiles sank, petrified in so short a time,—the very sandstone, reported to be several hundred thousand years old? By what agency? Not by intense heat?

This letter has exceeded its limits. Having some views on hand, in relation to the present state of the stony strata, the essay will be continued in the next number.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New York, June, 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A
VISIT TO WOODLAWN.

MR. EDITOR:—We have just returned from a visit to Woodlawn, a romantic resting place of the dead some two miles from the city in the direction of Malden. I love a drive in the pensive twilight which succeeds a warm summer's day, and on this occasion we took with us our little Jennie. She would look admiringly with her sparkling blue eyes on the prancing horses, and then on some beautiful monument or on some modest unmarked grave garnished with flowers, which filled the air with their fragrance, pointing every now and then with her tiny little fingers in that and this direction, and exclaiming all the while "I tee." No more baby talk now—and I told her in our new way, that she should have a pretty ride, which she seemed to comprehend, instead of in our old way, "itty booty go in coach see the wheely go roundy poundy." Only fourteen months old she can speak a good many words very plainly, make a few signs—her intelligence, faultless features and extreme loveliness combine to make her an universal favorite.

Away the strifes and foibles of the outer world. Jennie Eudora! thou little knowest how the fond hopes of thy parents are centered in thee. First born of the fourth generation! thy mother, mother's mother, thy great and great great grandmother unite in their welcome of thee to this world. Beautiful bud! thou shalt have the sunshine and the dew.

I feel in a meditative mood to-night. A visit to the quiet avenues of the Cemetery on some calm beautiful day or an

eventide like this, is not without its benefits. The youth in all their fresh beauty, as well as the aged in their decrepitude, will lie down here in the cold shadow of the tomb, and grow old under the reign of corruption. And as the epitaphs which announce their untimely and mysterious departure are pondered, a conviction may fasten upon the mind of the living that there is but a step between them and death; that the destroying angel walks by their side as they come and go; that he follows them softly and unseen in all the ways of life; that he enters uninvited every place; that his hand may even now, perhaps, be upon the springs of life, as the worm has already struck the flower which has as yet lost nothing of its color or its perfume.

Yet with all its mournful associations the grave has not the terrors for me that it has for some. Perhaps it is because I take a different view of death in all its aspects from that in which it is generally held. It is sometimes coveted, or there would be no suicides—it comes as a friend to the weary whose life has been spent in well doing. Of course I look on the bright side of things. It has its dark side, but it is never dreaded where there is a gathering in of the wings of another life, higher and freer.

Such have been my thoughts this evening, suggested by our visit to Woodlawn, by the sudden death of a friend of my own years, by the lingering departure of another of nineteen summers, both occurring within a fortnight.

Rest, dear friends, rest. The pilgrims in their dusty beds make room for you. Peace to their ashes!

REYNARD.

Boston, June 24, 1860.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—In the June No. of the Guide, "Reynard" takes me, in the politest way, to task, for arguing the propriety of continuing the Hartford Asylum for Universal New England, by adducing numbers as the impediment. Says he, "Besides the evils arising from collecting too many children together in one building, of making one common family of them all, our objections to Hartford are too strong and too numerous to be overcome." We see then that he has objections undivulged in the repository of his own bosom. These, until he reveals them we must let rest, and attend to the formidable one that is displayed before our observation. In matters of Education numbers are rather a help than otherwise. In matters of cultivating the soil, space is the desideratum. Why should they be confounded as one and the same? The view is preposterous!

At Hartford the larger the school, the more numerous the pupils,—the more and abler the instructors, and the greater the PROFICIENCY. Were ten thousand deaf mutes gathered at old Hartford, and were buildings adequate, (and patronage would constitute adequacy) there would be a better than the Gallaudet class.—a university system of Education, for which the primary and academic departments would fit such students as have the means and time of acquiring a liberal and very finished education. Hartford would prove the "Mecca" to which would flow all deaf scholars, and the ablest friends of our class.

So the objection of "Reynard" is groundless. Some of the German Universities have about a thousand students, which if enumerated with the rudimental schools, would number under graduates by thousands in a single city.

Nor would all the pupils be made one family. Each class may constitute a distinct family, and that without crowding at Hartford. Or a series of schools exist, with the ablest teachers, all under one government.

Did the enumeration of the "five hundred deaf mutes in Mass. include only ju-

veniles fit for receiving teaching; or did it also comprise the adults of all ages? A proper distinction ought to be made here. I have not seen that local state Asylums can be advocated as furnishing as finished accomplishments as a vast gathering! And until this objection be confuted and refuted, the argument for Hartford remains, fairly impregnable.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

Athens, Geo., June 12, 1860.

THE HARTFORD DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.—On Wednesday Gov. Banks, accompanied by the Lieut. Governor, Secretary of State, and Executive Council, visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, and made a thorough inspection of the institution. The Courant in its account of the visit furnishes the following:

"The principal, Rev. Wm. W. Turner, made a statement to the Council, from which it appears that Massachusetts has now 88 pupils in the asylum. Of these, 80 are supported by an appropriation from their State, and eight by their friends. The charge to each pupil is \$100 per annum, for board, tuition, lodging, etc. The actual cost is from \$175 to \$180, the balance being defrayed from the income of a fund, mostly the avails of an endowment of land from Congress, received soon after the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in the sign language was introduced into this country by Mr. Gallaudet.

At the close of the visit, Gov. Banks, for himself and Council, expressed much gratification at the excellent condition of the institution, which was even improved in general appearance since his last visit; and assured them that the arrangement by which the deaf mutes of Massachusetts were educated here was, in his judgment, mutually advantageous, and to his State entirely satisfactory."—Boston Journal, June 22.

MARRIAGE OF A DEAF MUTE COUPLE.

—MR. FRANCIS McDONNELL, the well known sculptor, whose skilful chisel has worked many beautiful wonders in marble, was married last evening to Miss KATE A. GARRETT. Both are deaf mutes. The ceremony was performed by Justice BENHAM. He wrote out the marriage contract, submitted it to them, and they bowed assent. There was as much fervor in these bowed assents as though they had been spoken. Perhaps more, for some one has written that "the heart speaks most when the lips move not."—[Cleveland (O.) Plaindealer, May 28th.

PLAYING THE DEAF AND DUMB SWINDLE.

—In Cincinnati, last week, Wm. A. Evans was arrested for collecting money as a deaf and dumb unfortunate just graduated from the Kentucky Institution. He assumed the name of Thomas Lawson. After his arrest, he said he had been a book-keeper in Canonburg, Ky., but was now out of business, with a mother and sister dependent upon him for support.—Boston Courier, June 26.

WALNUTS AS MEDICINE.

—Everybody eats walnuts; everybody knows how to make a pickle of walnuts. Now the fact is, walnuts, when properly prepared, are an excellent medicine and alterative; and this is the way to prepare them; take a stone jar filled up with moist sugar, in the proportion of half a pound to a score of walnuts; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for about three hours, taking care the water does not get in, and keep it simmering during the operation. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts; if it does not, add more, cover them close, and in six months they will be fit for use; the older they are the better they are. One walnut is a dose for a child of six years of age as a purgative; and it has this great advantage over drugs, that while it is an excellent medicine, it is at the same time very pleasant to the palate, and will be esteemed by young folks as a great treat. Who can say so much of salts, jalap and other doctor's stuff which it may render needless.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime can destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism can enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once grace and government to genius.

He is the best accountant who can count up, correctly, the sum of his own errors.

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or merely bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh, cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have seared,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The heart whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh, cherish them; those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes
That throb and beam for thee;
The few fleet hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh, cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

DO SOMETHING.

No human being was ever designed to live in idleness when in health. The very idea of idleness implies that the means of support which all require—food, raiment and shelter—must be furnished by others. The primal curse—rather let us call it blessing—in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread—has never been repealed, but remains in full force. Would we enjoy the necessities and comforts—to say nothing of the elegancies and luxuries of life—they are to be ours lawfully at no less an expense than a brow moistened by the sweat of labor. Even the savage who cultivates not the soil upon which he treads, but lives by his fishing-rod and his gun, is compelled to travel many a weary mile across mountain and ravine, to reach his hunting grounds, and thread the tangled fens to find the deep eddies where the speckled trout sports in the cool shade.

Numerous are the wants of mankind and numerous the kinds of labor requisite to supply them. The farmer has no time to pursue the mechanic arts. He finds it better to sow and plant more than he wants himself, that he may have something for the artisans who make and mend his plow, his carts and other farming instruments. In this way the wants of each are supplied as the reward of honest toil. The same relationship exists throughout the length and breadth of society, each produces in his own department of labor more than he wants himself, and exchanges of the surplus with others for what he needs of their productions. In this way each pays honestly for what he uses, and virtually conforms to the Divine command, already quoted.

All labor is not physical labor. There is work with the brain—severe toil—resulting in the highest good to mankind. The man who invents our machinery is a producer no less than he who operates that machinery after it is devised and constructed. The idle man no more uses his brain than he does his limbs, and on the other hand, he who engages in brain-work alone, knows as well as any one what hard work is. Look at the professional man who is worthy the appellation. Is he idle? Does he spend hours and days in dreamy listlessness? Were he to do so, he would soon sink so low as to lose his standing among the honorable in his calling. No. He trims the midnight lamp, and while the world about him is buried in sleep, he digs in solitude for gems of knowledge, more valuable to him and to the world than the glittering ores of California.

We often meet with individuals who complain of their hard lot, and censure Providence for withholding from them an abundance of this world's goods. They forget that God helps those who help themselves. They wish Jupiter to pull their wheels out of the mud, while they sit and look on. But what said the Olympian Divinity to the man who implored his aid? "Put thy shoulder to the wheel and the whip to the horses." So must it be in the affairs of life,—there must be more lifting and less idle lounging. There is no wonder that so many find it impossible to make the two ends of the year meet, much less to lay up anything against a rainy day. The cause is obvious,—there is too little productive labor performed in such families, while the expenditures are upon a scale commensurate with those in independent circumstance. This attempt to make an appearance in the world—all at the expense of others—brings no true satisfaction. It is like borrowing pictures and plate for a wedding or party, in the vain hope that we shall thereby be thought possessed of abundant wealth.

It is not degrading—it is honorable, truly noble to be found constantly engaged in some useful, productive employment. There are men in all the callings and professions of life, who accomplish nothing in the places they occupy. They were too indolent to master the first principles of their business, and are now incompetent. No one wishes to put business into their hands, inasmuch as they cannot discharge any trust committed to them as it should be. To every one, young and old, we say:

"Be active, be active—
Find something to do
In digging a clam-bank
Or pegging a shoe."

In this way, and in this way alone can any one know true independence—know the pleasure and comfort of seeing an abundance

in his basket and in his store, for himself and for those lawfully dependent upon the labor of his hands. The wages of honest toil are better than those of idleness, or of those who seek to live by attaching themselves, like parasites, where they are not wanted. Any man who is willing to labor can find something to do. Let him arise, "shake off dull sloth"—work with his own hands till his forehead is bathed with an honorable dew—let him follow this course daily—constantly—and he will find the bread he eats sweeter by far than that of ignoble indolence. Each effort made gives additional strength for lofty attainments. Who wishes to rot out or even rust out, when it is his glorious privilege, if he will use it, to wear out, to spend and be spent in doing what he can to elevate himself, and his race, physically, intellectually and morally? Who would not rather be laid to rest mid-flowing tears, with his name embalmed in many hearts for deeds of kindness and acts of benevolence, than to perish and be forgotten? There is more danger to the young man from having nothing to do, than from all other causes combined. While engaged in an honorable employment, temptations fall harmless at his feet and he is safe. With nothing to do, temptations assail him, and ere he is aware, he falls a victim before them.

Socrates' Dream.

Translated from the German of Krummacher.

The day on which Socrates was to drink the poison had arrived. Already early in the morning were his beloved disciples collected around him. With mournful earnestness they stood at the bedside of the sage, but some of them wept.

Then the wise victim raised his head and said: "Why this melancholy silence, beloved ones? I will relate to you something cheerful—a vision that appeared to me last night."

"Canst thou sleep, and even dream of cheerful dreams?" said the good Apollodorus. "I have not closed an eye."

Then Socrates laughed and said—

"Thou good Apollodorus, of what value would my past life be, could it not cause the last sleep to be sweet to me? Dost thou not know, Apollodorus, that I have consecrated it to heavenly love?"

Several voices of his afflicted disciples answered in the affirmative. But Apollodorus could only answer only by silence, with two clear tears in his eyes.

"See," said Socrates thereupon, "to him who consecrates his life to her service, she sends down the gentle graces. These adorn secretly and unseen, all his hours, be they hours of joy or suffering, with celestial splendor, and they surround them with an ambrosial odor. Above all others do the heavenly sisters occupy themselves with him in the last hours of his life. For that is the most serious hour of all, and requires most the light of heaven. Like the last hour of the day it is the most beautiful. The hues of evening float round it like a stream of light from Elysium."

"But then follows the gloomy night," the quiet Xenophon interrupted him.

"For our hemisphere," replied Socrates. "Is not our sunset the dawn of the other half of the earth?"

Socrates continued: "Now hear, ye beloved ones! Since the realm of the shades, as the living term them, will soon be a realm of light, as the spirits of the departed would call it, and I am nearer it than any of you, my discourse may perhaps announce to you much that is new. The Graces themselves forsake their favorite in his last hours. But they hover around him, and prepare for him a heavenly love, after they have adorned an earthly one. But they do not leave him without help. They send to the dying three other spirits glowing with heavenly beauty. And these three are Sleep, the twin-brother and at the same time the friendly image of death; Dreams, the image of past love, but at the same time the harbinger of another world; Death hovers between them and wanders with them, more glorious and more beautiful than either, and clad with the heavenly dawn. See, Apollodorus, the two first did not stay away from me last night, and the last appears to me from afar. How could I fear its approach! I await it with a long-ling desire."

The eyes of the philosopher's disciples were filled with tears, and a mournful stillness reigned in the prison. After a while Socrates continued:

"I had soon forgotten my vision myself! Sleep had strewn his somniferous flowers freely over me, and I truly needed the strengthening for the work that I shall today with cheerful spirit accomplish. But not only the strengthening of love was awaiting me in the balsamic arms of sleep, the gentle Dream-god also enlightened my spiritual eye. There I saw a beautiful youth coming to me. Upon his countenance was diffused that quiet, and that serene earnestness which become a godly form. In his right hand he carried a burning torch, and a red glimmer, like the sunset sky, diffused itself over the darkness of my prison. The lovelier and more agreeable the light, and the form of the youth, the narrower and sadder appeared to me the night of my prison. Then the heavenly youth gradually inclined the torch. But it seemed to me that I caught him by the arm, and said to him, 'What wilt thou do?' He replied, 'I extinguish the torch.' 'O,' cried I, 'leave it! It is a friendly light to me in the darkness of my prison.' But he laughed and said—'It is the torch of earthly love—you need it no longer. For as it expires thy earthly eye closes forever, and thou soarest on my hand

upward to a higher world, where a pure and eternal light surrounds thee. Wherefore then do you need the earthly, self-consuming light?' 'O, extinguish the torch,' cried I, and awoke. I found myself in the darkness of my chamber. I was sad that it had been a dream. But see, there comes the cup which will fulfil it."

The jailer came in with the boy who brought the cup of poison. There arose a lamentation and sobbing among the disciples of Socrates. The jailer also wept.

"THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET."—This is one of the most mischievous sentences in the English language. Not that it is bad in itself, for it is strictly true; but its meaning is sadly perverted, and what was meant for good becomes the occasion of evil.

Many a good thing might have been begun in season, but because there was *time enough*, it was let alone, and so not started till too late, or never moved at all.

There is *time enough yet*, says the school boy, but his time runs out, and he goes, half-fitted, to the counting room, or enters, half-fitted at college.

There is *time enough yet*, thinks many a young man if he does not say so, to commence habits of frugality and economy, and thus provide for future wealth.

You will often see the gentleman who has nothing to occupy his attention but parties of pleasure, who is always thinking there is *time enough*. But alas! when he has squandered his time and money, and finds himself neglected and forsaken, he curses the hour when he thought there was *time enough yet*.

Then there is the man who's always late for the cars. 'You will be late,' says his wife. 'Oh, no,' he replies, 'there's *time enough yet*.' And so by dallying he arrives at the Railroad Station in season to see the smoke of the engine, as the train disappears in the distance.

Again, we have the old bachelor, who in his youthful days thought there was *time enough*, but when old age creeps over his wo-begone days, he repents the time when he thought there was *time enough yet*.

Then the beautiful and romantic belle surrounded by admirers, coquettes a little with each and tells them, 'oh, there's *time enough*,' but at last finds herself deserted, her beauty, at a discount, and laments the time when she thought there was *time enough yet*.

How many designs have we formed, of doing this and that good thing, which fell through, not because we had little time, but because we had time enough, and so wasted one hour after another till the time had passed.

Do you say, we knew all this before! No doubt of it. Yet we are apt to think there is not only time enough, but some to spare. But this is an error, and should be corrected. —Groton Mercury.

TWO MINUTE SERMONS TO THE GIRLS. Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in an unhealthy atmosphere like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go out into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take morning exercise, let loose your corset-strings, and run up the hills for a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rose-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows and be a lady when required, is the girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, wasp-waisted, dull-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action: more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe in the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

THE REASON WHY.—"Tell me," said a gentleman, addressing a clean, tidy cabman, "how is it that some of the men on the stand look so smart on a Monday morning—they have clean shirts, and are much happier looking than the other men; and their horses are sprightlier too? What is the cause of the contrast?" "O, they are six-day-men, sir. They have green plates; their cabs don't run on Sundays; both men and horses have now a weekly rest. That's the reason why they are not jaded like others, sir."

VALUABLES.—If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine snuff.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A small piece of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crapes.

Ribbons should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Never be above your calling, nor be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

GUMPTION.—Says N. P. Willis, "I was amused a few days since—the contrast between two men who were working for the same wages, is worth describing, because it illustrates some truth—the difference between the common American mind and the common European. We were prepared to throw our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quite little narrow shouldered American, with my horse hitched to a drag, was drawing stone for the roadway beyond, and a broad shouldered fellow from the old country was digging earth to fill in. As I stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty little cedar, which was partly uprooted, and requesting the digger to set it upright and shovel some dirt around it, I walked on. Returning a few minutes after, I saw my cedar erect enough, but its roots still exposed. 'Why didn't you cover it with dirt?' I asked. 'Sure, sir,' said sturdy Great Britain, with a look of most honest regret that he had not been able to oblige me, 'you told me to shovel it, and I had no shovel.' He was working with a spade!

It was not ten minutes after this that I saw my little Yankee dollar-a-day un-hitching the horse from the drag. 'What are you going to do?' I asked. 'Why there is no more stone to be got on this side,' he said, 'and as the carpenter don't seem to be coming along to fix this bridge, I thought I'd step over and get What's-his-name's oxen, and snake them timbers up, and then haul 'em across with a block and tackle and timber over, and put on the planks. I could draw stone from the other side then.' Here was a quiet proposal to do what I looked forward to as quite a problem, even for a professed mechanic. I had bespoken a carpenter for the job three weeks before. There stood the abutments six feet high and twenty-five feet apart, and stream swollen by the freshet and hardly fordable on horseback rushing between; and how these two immovable timbers, thirty feet long were to be got across, without machinery and scaffold to span this chasm of twenty-five feet, I was not engineer enough to see. It was among the chores that a man with common gumption could do easy enough, however, as my little friend said, and it was done the next morning, with block and tackle, rollers and leavers—he going about it as naturally and handily as if he had been a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher price for day labor with his amount of 'gumption' and day labor such as the other man's, who could not conceive how a spade might be used for a shovel, shows how common ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to know no obstacle.

TOO LATE FOR CHURCH.—An old negro in Connecticut who had always been very constant in attending church, and prided himself furthermore in being the first there, happened to be detained far beyond the usual hour one morning. "John," said Cuff, as he stood carding his wool for the occasion, "hab the kindness to tell me what o'clock him be?" "Can't tell Caesar, the clock has stopped. I should think it was pretty considerable late." "Ise wouldn't be exposed if 'twar half an hour top o' dat," returned Caesar, and hurried to church as fast as his bandy legs could carry him. He entered towards the end of the sermon, just as the parson was reiterating the text for the last time. "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last." Cuffee turned upon his heel and went out, exclaiming—"Dat means me—I come last, but Ise out fusser any how; de next time dis nigger goes late to meeting he no go at all." —Waltham Sentinel.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.—What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

A down east editor advises readers if they want teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch dog is on his guard.

A teetotaler the other day, asked a neighbor if he were not inclined to the temperance society, and he replied, "Yes, for when he saw liquor, his mouth watered!"

Sir Charles I. Napier said—"I once asked a dirty fellow, black as a chimney sweep, if a coal pit could be descended without spoiling my clothes." "Bless you, I goes down ten times a day, and never minds my clothes," was his answer.

A celebrated writer says: "No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman."

NO RIGHT TO RETIRE.—Reader, though you have the wealth of Croesus or Solomon, you have no more right to retire from your position of active employment than your Maker, whose riches are all creation. Your obligation to labor for the good of others increases in proportion with your power to do so. Your wealth there is power beyond human computation. If you in your gain in a single year, can found an asylum, furnish a library, endow a college, build a church, how vast is the responsibility resting upon you. Now, if ever you are called upon to labor. If the Rothschilds would consecrate their annual income, only to bless and elevate the fellow-men, they would by acclamation command a crown surpassing in jeweled splendor any the world ever saw. Every man, be he prince or peasant, Christian or not, ought to do all he can for his neighborhood, his country, and the world and no power in the universe can absolve him from this obligation. There is an exemption, thou lazy idler, living upon God's bounty, from this heavenly requirement. Shrink from it, and thy riches shall be a canker and a moth to thee, as all thy gold, in its influence upon thy happiness shall turn into dross.

The Knickerbocker tells the following incident which occurred in Philadelphia:

"Children often make use of odd words and phrases which they have carefully remembered from the indiscriminating remarks of the help, to whom, in many families, they are at times necessarily confided. 'Gertie' was not quite three when she was left in care of the Irish servant, one afternoon while her mother was out making calls. Looking out of the window, the servant saw coming towards the house three little ones, the beautiful children of one of New York's merchant-princes; who, as they were fifth or sixth cousins of Gertie's, were evidently intending to make a specimen call of the Young American style. The quick-spoken yet good natured Irish girl exclaimed: 'The little devils! they are coming here.' As soon as they were shown in, Gertie ran down to receive them. 'Little Devils! how do you do?' was the greeting given in all innocence and kindness, sworn to, sealed and delivered by a sweet kiss of childhood.

THE OLD HEARSE HORSE.—Among the long standing fixtures of our day are the Hearse man, the venerable Robert Bell, and his scarcely less venerable old black horse, which will be twenty years old next month. For fourteen years the same man and the same horse have been in attendance at almost every funeral that has taken place in our city. For nearly two thousand times have they borne to their resting place the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlettered. There can be seen scarcely a more grave sight than these funeral accompaniments. The old horse, though lively and active on other occasions, knows the moment a corpse is put into the hearse, and he will scarcely mind the admonition of a whip to change his speed from walking. His master is growing infirm, and the horse is nearly blind—a premonition that all must ere long return to the dust. —Portsmouth Journal.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.—Pride is never found in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, we observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush, a humble, abject bush. As if He would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

A Mrs. Case died recently at Wautoma, Wis., aged sixteen years, six months and ten days. She had been married three years, and left three children to mourn her loss.

Scolding and swearing never did anybody good. It hurts the child; it hurts the parents; it is evil, and only evil, everywhere and always.

He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures, and those of the lowest order.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside.

Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves in.